

The Comicall Historie of

If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of Carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats: Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humour, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it baird? what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat;
And others when the Bagpipe sings ith nose,
Cannot contain their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat:
Why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I beare *Antonio*, that I follow thus
A loosing sute against him: are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first?

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you think you question with the *Jew*,
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bare his usuall height,
You may as well use question with the Woolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleat for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines

To

the Merchant of Venice.

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are tretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seeke to soften that then which what's harder:
His Jew ish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more c. s. r. s, use no farther meanes,
But with all brieft and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the *Jew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats here is fix.

Jew. If every Ducat in six thousand Ducats
Were in six parts; and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallars
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deere bought, as mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day?

Sal. My Lord, here staves without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the Letters. Call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*: what man, courage yet:
The *Jew* shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,

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